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Kathleen A. Sullivan





BY

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TO MY DEAR MOTHER,
THIS BOOKLET IS INSCRIBED

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CHRISTMAS BELLS

Christmas bells are ringing,
Joy is everywhere—
Sweet symphonious music
Fills the earth and air.

Listen to the murmurs
Coming from above,
Bringing to all mortals
News of peace and love.

From a little manger
Far in Bethlehem
Comes the simple message,
“Peace, good will to men”;

Borne by angel spirits
Over all the land—
Gates of Heaven are opened
By a Baby’s hand.

Glory to Our Saviour,
Babe of Bethlehem.
Who has brought redemption,
“Peace, good will to men!”

Glory to the Christ child,
Heaven’s mighty King:
May His name in praises
Through all nations ring!

BENEDICTION

An altar, all ablaze with light ;
A Heavenly stillness in the air ;
A solemn dread, a holy awe ;
A congregation bowed in prayer :

Low, deep the tones of music grand
From out the organ standing near ;
A rapture in the hearts of all ;
A feeling as of angels near :

Our Lord looks down upon the scene
From His dear sacramental Throne ;
He left His Home in Heaven above
To bide on earth among His own.

He pours His silent blessings on
The multitude assembled there ;
All hearts bow low beneath His Love
And homage pay—in voiceless prayer.

THE VALE OF SILENCE

Ah, I have felt a silence, not of earth,
Not sad, but peaceful, with a peace supreme;
Naught broke its quiet but the golden notes
Of a soul's thoughts in an ecstatic dream:

And I have felt a mantle, not of earth
Thrown o'er me, as to shield me from all woe,
For I have glanced at times from worldly paths
Into the Narrow Way, Where the few go.

Who are the chosen ones of Our Dear Lord?
Whom He doth beckon with a gentle Hand
To follow Him through earth's hard stubble fields,
Unto the brighter, happier Heavenly Land.

Ah, once my feet grew weary and delayed,
My perseverance could not bear the test;
But O, the road behind grew rougher far
For having seen the pathway of the Blessed:

And now I stand all silent and alone,
Before me lies a cross, I fear to take,
While here behind, I loathe the cruel world,
"O Lord," I plead, "help me the trial make,

"O give me Faith, the Faith of Thy dear few
Who follow in Thy own love-chosen way,
So I may grow more patient, fervent, strong,
And nearer come to Thee, from day to day."

A DREAM OF LIFE

Two cooing, helpless, loving babes;
Two chattering toddlers small;
Two playmates 'neath the cooling shades
Of oaktrees, grim and tall.

Two pupils in the selfsame school,
A youth and maiden fair;
Naught know they of the dreary rule
Of Life, so full of care.

Two lovers in the eventide;
Two lives now blent in one;
Two graves upon the hillside;
And thus the dream is done.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere afar beyond this dreary world
There lies a Land—a Land where all is fair;
Dear fond companions of past happy years,
And loving friends, long parted 'wait me there.

Somewhere among the radiant throngs that move
In splendor, through that Haven of the Blessed,
A sweet saint spirit guards some chosen spot
Where someday, I shall find my longed-for rest.

O dear bright Land of peace and purest joy,
Our last, our truest and our happiest Home!
Somewhere afar within your flowery vales
My little sister peacefully doth roam.

Sometime, straight down through Heaven's celestial
blue,
She'll wandering come, and kiss me unto death.
Somewhere, my spirit tells me, I'll find joy,
True bliss eternal—with my latest breath.

VANISHED FACES

Faces of the long dead Past,
Come to me again;
Bring your mystic music,
Memory's sweet refrain!

Throw the hazy veil aside,
Hiding you from view:
Smile on me with loving eyes
As you used to do.

Ah, they come, a phantom band,
Spiritual, bright;
Shining with Love's rapture,
Heaven's distant Light;

And I see the forms so dear,
That I used to know;
Silent smiles they beam on me,
Passing to and fro.

O ye dead cold shrouded ones!
Long since passed from view,
Spite of all earth's toils and strife
Clings my heart to you.

Angel ones, ah leave me ne'er,
Watch me from Above;
Guide me to your shining sphere,
By our bond of love.

EVENING

Silent even, peaceful even,
Stealing over earth and sea,
Calm descending, echoes blending
Bringing rest to you and me!

Silent even, restful even
Hushing nature to repose!
Birds are sleeping, stars are peeping
Showing light at day's mild close.

Silent even, welcome even
Bringing rest in quiet sleep,
Sweetly blessing, calm caressing
Lulling care in slumber deep!

Silent even, Holy even
Stealing o'er our Life's long day,
Softly falling, fondly calling,
Showing us The Truth, The Way!

THE SISTER OF MERCY

She walks through the valley of mystical dreams,
Her sombre garb brightened by Heaven's gold
gleams;

We hear not her footfall, as, quiet as a dove
She moves on her errand of bountiful love.

She reaches her hand to the poor, the oppressed,
She comforts the wayward, she soothes the distressed;
All world weary mortals in her find a friend;
Her zeal is unbounded, her love without end.

She asks no reward but the Heaven sent grace
That encircles her soul, shining through her dear
face;

She wishes no praise but the secret joy found
In doing her duty. Her life doth abound,

In deeds of great Faith and of Hope and of Love,
All, glorious gems in her bright crown above;
'Tis this that consoles her and urges her on,
Her cross is her glory, when life's work is done.

REST

Lines in Memory of Our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

Rest, mighty one! Life's battle now is o'er—
Thy race is run, thy noble work is ended.
And millions now thy heavenly aid implore,
For thy sweet virtues round the Throne are blended.

Rest, loving heart! that beat for all mankind,
With fondest zeal for every race and creed;
All were thy children, each one kept in mind,
On each bestowed the loving thought and deed.

Rest, brilliant mind! that hath subdued a world,
From which flowed truth that touched the hearts of
 nations,
Earth bowed before thee, from thy throne were
 hurled
Words that brought homage from the loftiest sta-
 tions.

Rest, peaceful soul; sweet rest with Our Dear
 Lord;
Thy trust divine, is well and truly done.
God's angels bear thee to thy sure reward,
Thy Christ-like life a seraph's crown has won.

IN MAY

A wealth of perfume fills the air ;
Gentle zephyrs cool the day ;
'Neath our feet the flowers start ;
Everything that soothes the heart
Seems to fill the world, in May.

Perched upon the topmost boughs
All about, the robins sing ;
Rippling notes of birds and rills
Let us know that it is spring.
In loved May we banish care,
Naught but glory fills the air.

A VISION

I ofttimes think if I could gaze
Up through the blue ethereal sky,
And penetrate the golden haze
That circles all the Blessed on High,
What would I see in that bright Land
Of boundless bliss and purest love?
Would I behold the chosen band
Who meek adorn the realms above?

But once, in slumber as I lay,
Methought, 'twas given unto me
To view the great elysian Day,
The happy spiritland to see.
'Twas not a mansion built of gold
And all adorned with gems of worth;
But flowery vales and gardens old
So like, yet fairer than this earth.

Adown the walks all blithesomely
Passed happy forms so bright and gay,
In converse sweet, or prayerfully
Enjoying that most perfect Day:
And God was in the midst of all,
His presence lent a rapture there,
His smile of love let Glory fall
Supreme, o'er all the land and air:

All Heaven moved in symphony,
No discord broke the glorious whole;
But hearts were linked in harmony
In Love's sweet union, soul to soul;
While all around glad angels sang
With soft accord so low and sweet:
The air with blessed music rang,
Ecstatic joy, grand and complete.

I thought, "How happy are these forms
Who rove that world of fadeless day,
Safe sheltered from Life's blasting storms
In God's eternal golden May!
What purity of soul is there!
What mystic love! what supreme bliss!
Ah, what is life e'en though most fair
Compared with such a state as this?"

But all at once the vision changed,
And once again I lived on earth;
Yet, that sweet lingering dream will last
To teach me Time's eternal worth;
Ah, give to me the meanest place,
Dear Lord, in that bright blessed state,
But let me quit Life's luring race
And stand a beggar at Thy gate.

FACE TO FACE

To Rt. Reverend Bishop Muldoon, who gave consolation to the dying at the terrible Iroquois Theatre fire, Dec. 30, 1903

A dying Christ raised high above
Six hundred struggling souls;
The awful death knell in their hearts;
They count the mournful tolls:

Contortions dread, and wailings loud
Smite through the ghastly place;
A struggling, frenzied, dying crowd
In death's clasp interlace.

They look on high, they see above
The agony, their own—
The figure of a Deathless Love—
And then His great white Throne.

Their souls reach out and kiss the cross,
Their suffering is o'er,
And Heaven counts, by our dread loss,
Six hundred sainted more.

O Priest of God! who, in the hour
Of earth's despairing woe,
Prov'st to the world thy sacred dower;
The grace thou can'st bestow,

May that same Form of Love Divine
That gave thee strength and grace,
Grant thee the right most truly thine;
In death to see His Face!

EVENING SHADOWS

In the shadows of the evening,
Then is when my thoughts take wing,
And in soaring through the distance
Memories to me softly cling:
Then I hear again the voices
Of the loved and lost of yore,
And I see the dear dream faces,
Of loved ones I'll know no more.

In the shadows of the evening,
Once again I am a child,
'Neath the loving kind protection
Of a patient mother mild:
Then again I place my troubles
In her all-consoling heart,
For I know my burden lightens
When with me she shares a part.

In the shadows of the evening,
My soul longs for things sublime,
And I fain would cross the river
Parting life and endless Time;
For I know that naught but Heaven
Can bring back the days of yore,
And that supreme joy awaits me
Only on that far-off shore.

KEEP ME NEAR TO GOD

Oft I am sad and spirit tried and lonely,
The world seems bleak and barren, life seems vain,
A mist hangs o'er my brightest hopes, and only
My inborn Faith keeps back woe's pending rain:
Then struggling with the deep despair within me,
And feeling deep the keen all-chastening rod,
I cry, "Dear Mother still may'st thou my hope be,
And in my anguish, keep me near to God.

"Ah, keep me near to God, let Him but help me,
And give me grace to bear my trials aright;
Let me but feel that He will e'er my guide be
And soon my darkened soul will glow with light;
Ah, let me but accept as sweet His crosses,
And let me walk the way His saints have trod,
Then Dearest Mother, shall I love life's losses,
So Mary hear me, keep me near to God."

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

How sad these words, how plaintive and how thrilling!

“Until we meet again” so often said;
Their meaning oft the heart with sorrow filling,
When constant hope should have reigned there instead.

“Auf Wiedersehen, my dear fond Friend!”
And then the lips will quiver,
For oftentimes that meeting is
On yonder side Death’s river.

Ah, what is life? It is but as a meeting,
It lasts a moment, then mid tears we part;
On rolls the Time, through joy and sorrow fleeting,
But leaving in its path some broken heart.

“Auf Wiedersehen, my dear fond Friend!”
And then the lips will quiver,
For oftentimes that meeting is
On yonder side Death’s river.

And then when suddenly will ebb the tide,
We think, “How very foolish, O how weak
To mourn for those long vanished from our side,
Whom but through Heaven’s gateway we may seek.”

“Auf Wiedersehen, my dear fond Friend!”
And then the lips will quiver.
For oftentimes that meeting is
On yonder side Death’s river.

A LITTLE ANGEL FRIEND

He was a sweet and gentle child,
Of but eight tender years;
God saw his charms and called him
From this saddened vale of tears.

Perhaps among the cherubim
There was some special place,
That for its full completeness
Just lacked that angel face.

I looked upon the little form
Enshrined 'mid flowers white,
And thought, "What fitting tribute
To a soul so pure and bright!"

For just as he has taken flight,
So shall the flowers die,
But their sweet fragrance, like his soul
Is borne afar—on High."

"Dear little one with gentle face,
And soft-lit starry eyes,
What wonder that God called you
To His Happy Paradise!

"You seem to me a flower culled
By Our Dear Lord, in love,
And with fond care transplanted
To your proper sphere Above;

“For mid the buds and blossoms
You have spent your early days,
And like to them your nature was,
In all its guileless ways.”

I ofttimes think how blessed is she
Who has that dear child dead,
E'en though the heart with sorrow breaks,
Though tears in vain are shed ;

For when at last the hour arrives,
And God calls her away,
And when her eyes will ope' upon
An everlasting Day ;

Among the sainted worshippers
She'll see a well-known face ;
He'll beckon her in Paradise,
To some bright special place

Which he has guarded with his prayers,
Through all the passing years :
He'll place a crown upon her brow,
He'll dry away her tears,

He'll take her cross and lay it down,
An offering at God's feet,
And in their perfect unity
Her joy will be complete.

“Then Harold, though lone hearts oft miss
Your loving arms embrace,
And grieving, yearn for just one glance
At your Seraphic face,

“The Light of Faith will brightly burn,
To show the soul’s sad eyes,
That when God sends afflictions
They are blessings in disguise.

“We cannot understand the grace
By which He gives us woe;
When He by death will draw the veil
That hides it—then we’ll know,

“And then with wider vision,
We shall bless the smiting Hand,
That took you, Darling, from all care
To His far happy Land.”

SMILES

Smiles are like sunbeams
Gleaming o'er the face,
Which bring unto it happiness
And shadows from it chase.
They are the outward picture
Of the soul within,
So radiant in times of joy,
Obscured when griefs begin.

Smiles are little meteors
Brightening up the way
Of the sick and weary,
Turning night to day ;
Little angel visitors
From a golden land,
Teaching us life's brightest side,
Oft hard to understand.

Smiles are starry visions
Of true Love untold,
Of tender aiming
Yearning for the Fold ;
Little links which bind us,
To a happier Home,
Tender Guardians watching us
Lest from Truth we roam.

EASTER

Gladly ring the bells of Easter
Bringing joy to one and all—
Christ, Our Lord is resurrected;
Let our spirits prostrate fall,
And in meekest adoration
Join the angels' loud acclaim:
"Glory to our God, our Saviour,
Conqueror of death and shame!"

Sins of man had laid Him lowly
In the sepulchre's dark gloom;
But He rose in awful splendor,
Rose triumphant from the tomb.
Death no more can have its terrors,
Our last end is not the grave,
For that wondrous resurrection
Gives us strength our souls to save.

Then ring out, O Bells of Easter!
In your most melodious chime.
Send the news from earth to Heaven,
Let your peals sound through all time:
Christ, Our Lord is resurrected.
He has conquered sin and shame:
Glory to Our God on Highest!
Praise and Glory to His Name!

I AM LONGING TO SEE YOU TO-NIGHT

Through the gathering gloom of the twilight
Comes a feeling of love sublime,
That wakens the echoes of Thoughtland
And turns back the waves of Time;
A feeling so deep and tender,
It brings to my sad soul, Light,
'Tis a longing once more to be with you,
A longing to see you to-night.

We are severed afar in Life's valley,
We tread each our separate ways,
Yet each in our moments of silence
Looks back to the long ago days,
And in memory sweet you are with me
As in those dear hours so bright,
When of olden we sauntered Life's byways;
I am longing to see you to-night.

Ah, Dear, once again I shall see you,
Though not in this vale of farewells;
I shall find you the same as I knew you
When together we roved the green dells:
There afar in that Land is no yearning,
Where all things are joyous and bright,
And my soul will not hunger in saying,
I am longing to see you to-night.

THE ISLE OF SWEET ERIN

Far away o'er the sea is a gem of an isle,
Deep set in the glory of sunshine's sweet smile,
Whose bright emerald hue is an emblem so sure
Of the hearts that best love it, so constant and pure:

No storms can e'er dim the true worth of its green,
Like the faith of it's children, the rarest e'er seen;
No clouds howe'er dark can obscure the bright ray
Of the great Irish love, pure and strong as the day.

Afar from that land many wanderers roam
Whose hearts beat to music of "Home dearest
Home;"
Though scattered abroad along many a shore,
Their prayers are for Ireland, the land they adore.

O dear Isle of Erin, our focus of love!
Sweet symbol on earth of the great Home Above!
By your crucified Faith and your martyrdom, may
Your dark night of sorrow soon turn to glad day!

May loyal devotion soon win freedom's crown;
Recalling again your bright days of renown;
May true Irish virtues shine forth more and more
Is the prayer of your children, loved Erin asthore!

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

To the memory of Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, who
died at Stratford Jan. 12, 1904.

The calm and gentle angel, Death,
Has folded in his strong embrace
One whom we loved—has borne him hence
To fill on High some special place.

We call him dead, and mourn his loss,
But yonder in the Home of Rest
No more he bears his earthly cross;
He lives in Heaven with the Blessed.

How oft we'll miss the words of cheer,
The pleasant smile, the loving voice,
That drew all hearts when he was here,
And made our saddened souls rejoice!

How oft, as years roll swiftly by,
Our lips will move in silent prayer,
To our dear pastor, who on High
Still holds for us his fondest care!

His flock have lost their dearest friend,
But why make murmur or complaint?
For when that noble life did end,
God's Kingdom gained another saint.

A LONGING

Come to me, sweet one, of lost baby days,
With your pretty blue eyes and dark hair,
Step from that happy mysterious Land
And answer my lifeburdened prayer.
Let me but hear once again your dear voice
With it's rhythmical notes full of glee,
Tell me what pleasures await me up there
When this fast-fettered spirit is free.

Time has been long since you bid me adieu
And left me to journey alone;
Faith has been tried in the struggle for life,
And the spirit, world-sick, sighs for Home.
Could you come back to impart but one smile,
And clasp me again as of yore,
Ah, you would give me new courage for life,
And make me love Heaven the more.

MY FRIEND OF LONG AGO

Sweet Friend of mine, and can it be
That never more together, we
Shall walk among the scenes of yore,
So fondly loved by thee and me?

I linger all alone, and think
On those long vanished halcyon days,
When Life was sunshine, cloudless skies,
And years brought only lovely Mays.

Ofttimes I have some strange sweet dream,
And we are schoolmates once again;
All Nature sings her hymns of praise
And Heaven responds in grand Amen.

Together we commune, sweet thoughts
Of futures good, not worldly grand
Are our day's constant theme;
Let Faith and Love our souls expand.

But with a start I sudden wake
And find 'twas but an airy dream,
The past is gone ne'er to return
Save in kind sleep, yet Annie e'en

Though I'm awake, the music stays,
Of that old hallowed Long Ago;
Sweet notes from our lost childhood's days
In rippling measures come and go:

But one loved chord is missed among
Those melodies so near divine;
Because your voice is far away
The music lacks that chord sublime:

Yet, Dearest! though those silent notes
Impair the glory of the whole,
Their sad sweet absence teaches me
That we are nearer—soul to soul.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE

I played upon the organ
A blithe and merry lay,
As tuneful as the singing
Of happy birds in May:
It rippled forth from keys of pearl,
It filled my soul with glee;
All earth seemed fair, so free from care
And beautiful to me:

But soon the tune was changed into
A sad funereal dirge,
And o'er life's peaceful waters
Death's angry waves did surge;
Fond loving friends were swept beneath
The all unpitying tide,
And those I held the dearest
Were taken from my side.

And now the notes are sad and low
And filled with deep despair;
The echoes of a weary soul
Bowed low by Fate are there;
The brilliant hopes are blighted,
The wondrous dreams all vain,
The tired spirit langour
Too weak to strive again.

But ah, the music changes
To a melody Divine,
And I find my soul far reaching
Through the long lone halls of Time;
There I see the mystic mansion,
And I hear the angels play
The grand ecstatic melody
Of Heaven's symphonic Day:

I see the friends who loved me
The dearest and the best,
Their happy faces glowing
In peace and blessed rest;
Life's notes of woe are turned to Joy
And fill the heavenly air;
God's music holds no minor strain,
No chord of woe is there.

AUTUMN

Saddest season of the year,
Gentle Autumn, lone and dreary,
With thy breezes wailing near,
Softly bidding rest, the weary.

Melancholy do ye sigh,
Winds af autumn sadly calling,
As a funeral dirge ye cry
Mourning for the dead leaves falling.

Leaves of autumn drooping slowly,
Blushing crimson as with shame,
Soon the cold, damp earth so lowly,
Will thy fading beauty claim.

Dreary as thou art, we love thee,
Mourner for the summer gone!
And with keen regret we part thee,
Lovely Autumn, lone and wan.

THREE JOURNEYS

Every day when the gloaming comes,
The sweet, sweet hour of fantasies,
I take a trip to some foreign land
Or travel the world of ecstasies.

Sometimes I visit the Long Ago,
And O, the children welcome me,
E'en the people now so old
Seem as blithe as they used to be.

We sing the songs and play the tunes
And talk in old time mirthfulness,
The flowers bloom as in days of yore,
And nod with old time gracefulness:

But of a sudden I leave the Past,
And visit the land of Far-away;
Again I find sweet friends of old,
And some I left but yesterday.

The same dear ones who beckoned me
In the beautiful Past, so free from care,
Are in this mystic borderland;
How strange, it seems, they should be there!

They smile in the old familiar way,
They beckon me to a special place,
But their forms are dimmed by golden haze,
And the holy sheen of supernal grace.

At last I reach the Present land,
So full of sorrow, care and strife,
My friends steal softly from my side
To the hidden charms of the mystic Life;

But while fond memory loves to roam
Through the many climes of eternal Time,
I still can see the ones I love,
And for aye, unite their souls to mine.

I MISS YOU

I think of you to-night, Dear,
I'm lonely far away,
You are so far from sight, Dear,
I miss you day by day.

The hours drag slowly by, Dear,
They bring no peace of mind.
'Tis exile to be banished, Dear,
From one so true and kind.

I think of you to-night, Dear,
The day has been so long,
I miss your voice so sweet, Dear,
More sweet than rarest song.

I would that I could see you, Dear,
Could touch your hand and brow;
I miss you, yes, I miss you, Dear,
I want to see you now.

FORGIVENESS

You ask of me forgiveness,
'Tis freely given thee:
Since those words of estrangement
This life has been to me
So lonely and so very sad;
Would that your trust again I had!

You ask me to forgive you,
What have I to forgive?
Ah, since that darkened hour
I've almost ceased to live,
O take me to your heart again,
Your loyal friend therein to reign.

You sent to me a token,
A little floral gift:
How dearly do I love it!
It seems the weight to lift,
Of those sad words from off my heart,
Those words when we for aye did part.

'Tis I who should repent, Dear,
'Tis I who should implore
Your kind heart to forgive me,
To love me just once more;
And to accept my trust unbroken,
In answer to your floral token.

A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW

I know a little girl with azure eyes,
The tint that makes most dear the summer skies,
And golden curls by sunbeams tossed,
Like rays of light on banks embossed:

She minds me of the merry month of May,
So gentle, mild is she the live-long day.
She passes like a dream of grace,
Lithe rhythmic form, and angel face,
She seems the sort of fairy sent to chase Life's storms
 away,
And scatter gleams of gladness like the joyous sunny
 May.

LOVELAND

O where is the kingdom called Loveland,
Ye sages, geographers wise?
Is it rich and extensive, progressive?
'Neath cold or 'neath warm sunny skies?

I searched it afar o'er the mountains,
In Africa's hot scorching plain,
Mid the countries of Asia I sought it,
In the hope some knowledge to gain.

Through America's vast grassy prairies,
On Australia's far sea-washed shore,
In the circles both Arctic, Antarctic,
Through China, Malay, Singapore:

Through Arabia, Greece, Turkey, Greenland,
Alaska and Canada cold;
Through regions of ice, snow and winter,
Through regions of pure shining gold.

At last, weary-hearted and tired,
I found it, O beautiful thing!
For dear little Lapland was Loveland,
And a sweet bouncing baby was King.

A SOUL'S SORROW

Just a little bit of heartache,
But I hid it far from sight;
It but turned my joy to sorrow,
Turned my day into dark night:

And I smiled on all around me,
That they would not see the pain,
Though within my soul's lone chamber
Leaden tears, they fell like rain.

Just a cross laid on my shoulders
Small it was, but Oh it's weight:
How it crushed my spirit downward!
Yet I bore it, early, late:

And I smiled on all around me
That they would not see my woe,
But the cross, it heav'ly pressed me
And the heartache would not go.

Then I strolled one silent even
To a church, and there before
A dim altar, lit by moonbeams
I knelt sadly to adore;

And I cried, "My cross is heavy,
Wearily it weighs me down,"
But a Voice came, sweet and gentle,
"Bear thy cross and gain a crown.

Bear thy cross and bright adorn it
With the flowers of Faith and Love,
It will win for thee a garland
Of pure bliss, in realms above."

There I knelt and could not answer;
A soul silence o'er me came,
And my spirit seemed on fire
With Love's all-consuming flame.

Then again the Voice came to me,
"Think of Me when sore oppressed,
Place your burdens on My altar
And your trials will be blessed."

Low I murmured through the stillness,
"Lord, within Thy Sacred Heart
I do place my soul's deep sorrow,
Do Thou with me share a part."

All at once a weight seemed lifted,
My soul filled with joy supreme;
Seemed it to me as the memory
Of some strange uncertain dream;

But I knew my cross was lighter,
And I felt my soul adore;
For Our Lord, He shared my burden
And the heartache was no more.

HEAVEN

When a child I pictured Heaven
As a beautiful land of gold,
All sun-illum'd and sparkling
With brilliancy untold—
Where saints all-haloed wandered
In raiment white as snow,
And angels chanted praises,
In brightness all aglow:
But among the holy seraphim
Was no familiar face,
And no cherub ever beckoned me
To any special place;
And I thought, "It must be lonely
In Heaven so far away;
On this earth with fond, sweet friends
Ah, I would rather stay."

At last my little playmates
Left many a vacant place,
And in my heart, sad yearnings
For many a vanished face—
Again I pictured Heaven;
It's cherubim were there,
And aureoled saints still worshipped
In earnest holy prayer:
But faces were now familiar,
They smiled in friendship true;
And that they interceded
For my poor soul, I knew:
So now I feel a yearning
In that dear land to roam;
For Heaven, I know, is my port of rest,
My truest and happiest home.

TWO VOYAGES

On a peaceful ocean a ship set sail,
'Twas gently driven by a summer gale;
Like a phantom vessel it glided on
It's course directed to the setting sun:

But afar from land was an angry sea,
And billows sported both wild and free,
While cruel rocks tore the vessel's side
And it drifted helpless on a seething tide;

Still the loyal compass was good and true
And brought her bark all perils through,
And it reached the haven, it's voyage done
In the western land of the setting sun.

A human bark started out on Life,
Its course beguiled from all care and strife;
But as years rolled on, came temptation's harm
And the bark tossed wildly in grave alarm.

Still the loyal conscience was good and true
And brought her vessel all perils through,
And it reached the Haven, it's voyage done
In the Blessed Land of the setting sun.

HEIMWEH

O what this feeling, this dull dreary feeling,
That comes to me so oft at eventide,
When sitting all alone and meditating
On those from whom stern Fate did me divide?
It is a pain—a longing for the dear ones,
A pang that rends my heart at thoughts of home,
I sadly sigh—my soul moves gently outward,
And soars into the darkening realms of gloam.
Ah, sad sweet yearning for Life's truest treasures
When tossed about upon Life's billowy sea,
The more we found in home earth's greatest pleasures,
E'en so the heartache all the more must be.
I've traveled much and have oft-times seemed happy,
I've found dear friends, sweet friends, both true and
tried,
But even they cannot dispel the anguish,
Forever is my soul unsatisfied.
Sweet home of childhood—home of joy—of mother!
Sweet sacred spot which nursed my earliest years!
For you I long each day and hour of lifetime,
My cause of joy—my solace for all fears.
Of you I dream, when, weary of day's clamor
I nurse my thoughts within the quiet gloam,
Ah, may my soul keep ever ever near thee,
My dearest friend on all this earth, my home!

OCTOBER, MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS

This month with all its changing hues,
Its beauty rare of hazy skies;
With zephyrs mild that whisper soft,
Whose charms we all so dearly prize;

This lovely month of dreamy quiet,
When e'en the murmurs hold us still,
When saddened souls renew lost hope
And with the life of Nature, thrill;

Our Holy Faith has given in love,
This peaceful time of gentle sighs
To those dear spirits who are charged
With guiding us to Paradise;

And fitting time it truly seems,
For whispers soft steal to our ear,
It may be 'tis great Nature's voice
Or our dear guardians hovering near.

But gazing on great Nature's charms
Our hearts are lifted up to God;
Mayhap the angels brought the thought,
But we are reverently awed.

A spirit seems to whisper low,
"Kneel down before such grandeur, *pray*,"
Our wearied souls in silence speak
The words our lips refuse to say.

Dear loved October! month of calm,
Of rippling waves and running streams,
To souls you are a soothing balm
That rivals e'en their brightest dreams.

Your mystic blues and lulling notes
Attune our hearts to nobler things;
A glimpse of Heaven and angels bright,
October to the mortal brings.

A MEMORY

Come you out from the gloom to-night,
Sweet fond Friend, whom I long to see,
Bearing with you those smiles so bright
That won the trust of my soul from me.
All wrapt in haze and before me now,
You speak with those lips I loved to hear,
And the look sublime on your lofty brow
Bids me know you hold me dear.

Still in your beautiful, new-found life,
You give, you say a thought to me?
Ask if I suffer woe or strife,
Or if like you I am glad and free?
You would come back to console me again
Oft for an hour, and leave your bliss?
Would tear yourself from the arms of Love
To press on my brow sweet Friendship's kiss?

Bid me adieu. Farewell loved One,
Melt into haze and dimness again.
'Twas but a thought—I am alone,
Memory's sobs are all in vain.
You have your world and I have mine
Illumined both by the dear dead Past,
And over each life will ever shine
Sweet Friendship's rays, while Life will last.

THE BETTER PART

To a Friend.

I sometimes think, when looking on your kind and
soulful face,
Lit with Reflection's mildest beams, and Heaven's
serenest grace,
That you could not be as you are, had God you not
destined
For something higher than the common life of hu-
mankind.
You must oft times have trod that vale of sweet
ecstatic dreams,
Where saints have heard the lowly notes, and caught
stray passing gleams
Of Heaven's grand Beatitude. You must have felt
such Bliss
Else, whence your holy attributes? A nature such as
this
Is given to those alone, who are the favored ones of
God,
Whom He doth wish the nearest, 'neath His mild
and chastening rod,
Who are His chosen messengers, to travel in His
way
By brightening up the lives of men, and turning
night to day.

'Tis not the mission of us all, to scatter seeds of love,
And help poor wearied souls to see the crown of
 Hope, above.
Ah no, that Christ-like Happiness is held by but a
 few,
None worthier possesses it, methinks, my Dear, than
 you;
So treasure it, the God-like gift, the noblest virtue
 given.
It makes of mortals, seraphin—it makes of earth a
 Heaven.

THE STORM

The thunder rolls with rumbling roar;
Long veins of fire streak the sky;
The housedog cowers 'neath the stair;
The frightened barnfowl homeward fly;

Large slow approaching drops come down,
Prognostications of the rain;
The hurried street folk bend their heads
And onward rush, but all in vain.

With louder peals and longer streaks
The storm comes dark'ning dead'ning down;
Great fierce clouds black as inky night
Low hover o'er the frightened town.

The beat of rain, the crash of trees,
The hailstones knocking at the door,
The pools of water trickling through
Stray chinks upon the once dry floor;

All these sure signs of Heaven's wrath,
Make old folks sit in grave alarm,
While little children breathless look
And terror-stricken watch the storm.

But ah, what's this? The storm has ceased,
Low rumbling echoes bid farewell
The sun shines forth in beams of joy,
And smiles upon hill, field and dell.

A rainbow spans the peaceful sky,
God's promise unto mortals given
That all Life's storms will swiftly pass
And vanish 'neath the Light of Heaven.

MAY

A sprightly maid all flower bedecked,
With sky-blue eyes and golden hair
Came tripping down Time's silvery vale,
A nymph of grace, divinely fair.

She cast around a sunny smile,
The sweet blue vi'lets peeped their heads,
While flowers of many shades and hues
Arose from out their gloomy beds.

She spoke in mother Nature's ear;
The rippling rills began to sing,
The winds low murmurs gently lured
The tardy birds to soar on wing.

New sprouting grass spread o'er the earth
A carpet of the richest hue,
While over all the lovely scene
Was God's great canopy of blue.

Earth's children bowed before the throne
Of this most royal princess dear,
Sweet May! of loveliness the Queen,
The fairest child of all the year.

JULY VACATION

The rare, rare days of June have passed
With their lovely roses of white and red,
And fierce July's sunscorching heat
Has burned their petals and laid them dead.

The fields of grain have a withered hue;
As on Sahara the hot wind blows.
The whole earth wears a look of pain,
The sky with a fiery glimmer glows.

Ah, well for him who can hie away
From the busy city's stifling mart,
And in the quiet of rural dales
Find sweet repose near nature's heart.

Who, forgetful of old Sol's fierce gleams,
Can lay him down by the babbling brook,
And throw the city's cares aside
In the Heavenly bliss of some country nook;

For there will he find in the warble of bird
A lullaby sweet for his tired mind,
And the rippling rills will call to him
While fanned by the clover-laden wind;

The restful peace of the country quiet
Will banish the past year's strife from his soul,
His thoughts are bright with the glamor of Hope
As he dreams of another trial for the goal.

Just one sweet hour in such a spot,
Is, for every ill, a certain balm,
And a city's cares can be lulled to rest
In the chaste retreat of a country calm.

MY PICTURE BOOK

Would like to see my picture book?
Dear Friend, with wistful eyes,
Or did you never dream that I
Possessed so rare a prize?

But come, I'll turn it's pages o'er,
(My savings of long years,)
No doubt, they may excite your smiles,
Though some will draw your tears.

Yes, they are faithful copies
Of great masterpieces, all,
By famous artists painted
Whose names I now recall;

For "Memory," "Love" and "Long Ago"
Did paint these pictures rare,
So now you will not wonder
Why I treasure them with care:

They show my childhood's happy days,
My golden summertime,
When Heaven was so near to me
And Life's bells were in chime.

My baby playmates on the sward,
My later loved child friends,
The blissful moments, happy joys
Which God in kindness sends.

But here's a picture—nay, don't grieve,
For why should your tears start?
A little schoolgirl's lonely grave
So sacred to my heart.

We loved each other many years,
Then she was called away,
I left alone, I missed her so,
For months I could not play ;

A dreary weight of sadness came
And crushed my spirit down ;
Earth grew so very dark to me,
Kind Heaven seemed to frown.

Her picture is within my heart,
None other takes it's place ;
Some day in that dear far-off land
I'll look upon her face.

But come, another one I'll show
Before I close my book—
You know it? By the loving smile
And the all-patient look?

My mother. Yes, the sweetest one,
The dearest and the best,
I love my pictures, still for this
I'd barter all the rest.

HYMN FOR LENT

At Thy feet, O Jesus!
Kneel I to implore
Pardon for offenses,
Grace to love Thee more.

Take Thou up my burdens,
Place them in Thy Heart,
Give me strength to follow—
In Thy griefs take part.

Take my hand and lead me
Over worldly ways.
I would seek Thy Kingdom,
Love Thee all my days:

But I'm weak and lowly
Oft times sore oppressed ;
Still Thy words have promised,
"I will give thee rest."

Therefore am I prostrate
At Thy sacred feet,
Life with Thee is Heaven
Earthly trials, sweet.

I can hear Thy pardon,
Now I love Thee more,
May I never wander
From Thee, I implore.

In the lonely shadow
Of Thy cross, I'll bide,
Till Death's angel bears me
To my Saviour's side.

FEAST OF PURIFICATION

O mother, thou so sweet and good
Who art so near divine!
Why needest thou to purify
A guileless soul like thine?
Thou who from all time wast preserved
Exempt from every stain—
And yet, in deep humility,
Thou strivest grace to gain.

Sweet mother! teach us to be pure
And humble, like to thee;
Help us to cast aside all sin
And more contrite to be,
So may we be thy children dear
With hearts so like to thine,
We would offer them in holy love
Before thy blessed shrine.

The choicest gifts that we could make
Of rarest lovely flowers,
Would not be so acceptable
As those poor hearts of ours;
Then Mary, by thy purity
We fervently implore,
O bring us nearer unto thee,
And make us love thee more.

A LITTLE MAID OF THREE

Little maid from Fairyland,
Vision of delight!
Nymph of mystic Airyland
Beautiful and bright!

Rosy cheeked with crown of gold,
Eyes of Heaven's blue
Hiding mysteries untold,
In their depths so true.

You are such a dream of grace
As you flit around,
With your pretty baby face,
And your notes low sound.

Oft, I wonder did you roam
From some Blessed Isle,
Here, to gladden up a home
And our woes beguile!

Will you, when your task is o'er,
Steal as soft away
To the cherubs on the Shore
Of Eternal Day?

Ah, we feel, since you are here,
Heaven is our own,
And in death, you'll draw us near
To the Mercy Throne.

THE RIVER AVON

When weary at eve in the great foreign city,
And longing for something to bring my heart rest,
I seek from the throngs of lone strangers no pity,
But sigh for the land I love dearest and best.

And by the sweet Avon, in dreams I oft wander,
And watch the bright flashes of sun-glinted waves;
I mind not that time I thus ruthlessly squander
When fond days of childhood my memory en-
slaves.

I hear it's low murmurs when silently passing
The old cherished school, where, subduing it's
noise,
It rippled on dreamily, never distressing
The studious ardor of bright girls and boys .

O green banks of Avon, as lovely and peaceful
As those classic banks of sweet Fancy's own child,
To those who best love you, how quiet and easeful!
With you tired nature is sweetly beguiled.

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